

A few words about the home missionary by Amos R. Wells.

THE HOME MISSIONARY TRIALS

He gets all the drudgery of missions and little of the romance.

He deals not with the educated but generally with the ignorant.

He cannot arouse interest in his work by reason of its novelty.

He is not transforming nations but building up communities.

His life is cast, not among ancient civilizations but in a rude and pioneer state.

THE HOME MISSIONARIES' GLORIES

He is following close in the footsteps of Christ, who was a home missionary to his own people.

In working for the home land he is filling up the fountain of foreign missions.

He knows that the humble work on earth is most highly exalted in heaven.

C. F. YODER.

Falls City, Neb. Junior Society

We noticed in the EVANGELIST an account of the Ashland Junior society and we thought the Falls City juniors would be second to write. Our society was organized April, 1901, with twenty-two members. Since then we have increased to thirty. Tho we are small in numbers we have a good attendance, it being thirty four today.

During the summer we supplied our church with flowers, we have committees for visiting the sick and also those who are slack in attendance. We are firm believers in doctrine and the mission barrel. We have sent Chicago mission \$3 51. Brother Louis Bauman (for the Persian) \$2 00. And today we send \$2 00 to help pay for the painting of Ashland College.

Several of our members have united with the church which helps our spiritual growth. Junior societies are schools which cultivate boys and girls who will stand the storm like an oak of the forest. This is no little truth. Let us consider Sabbath school and junior work of more importance hereafter.

We wish to hear from other societies.

ALICE DITCH, Sec.

Christian Life

To Live, To Give

To live, to give, is oft my prayer,
To dry the eyes of those who weep;
For still the sweet words fill the air,
"Feed my sheep."

To live, to give, is one bright spot
In harmony with God to keep;
We feel it covers some dark blot,
"Feed my sheep."

The sunshine sometimes does not touch
The heart of those with sorrows deep;
The fleeting days say, life is such—
"Feed my sheep."

We celebrate a joyous day,
Our hearts with gratitude will leap
At thoughts of one who still will say:
"Feed my sheep."

—Mrs. Fred W. Barker.

The Relation of the Teacher to the Non-Christian Home

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I have sometimes thought that there was one neglected class in our towns and cities which the ordinary missionary workers could not readily reach. I refer to the comfortable, self respecting, and often well-to-do people, who, little by little, have drifted away from their old moorings, have lost the sense of personal responsibility in the matter of church-going, and in whom the flame of the religious life is burning very low.

Originally, with many of these persons and families, it was by accident rather than intention, that they lost their hold on the church. They came, some of them, from the deep peace of the country into the bustling competitions of the town, came from a place where they knew everybody into a place where they were strangers, on every side of them pre-occupied folk with indifferent faces, and lacking the energy at once to find and choose a church home. They came by swift gradations to care for none. The work of the week is strenuous, its compensations are hard to win, and it is easy to slip into a habit of spending the Sabbath day at home; especially easy when the atmosphere of the neighborhood is unfavorable to self denial.

People in town live in flats or boarding-house, cells in a great hive; or in houses built barrackwise in long, uniform rows. The home itself lacks the independence and individuality it has where it stands with a lawn or a garden at its side, a separate gate of its own, and a character and reputation and traditions reaching far back into the memories of most of those who pass it by. The city home, in many cases, partakes of the instability of the tent, where the dwellers are ready at an hour to strike their camp and move on. No pastor, no friendly set of men and women in a church around the corner, have a lien on these tent-dwellers, here today and gone tomorrow; and, as the swift months weave into the flying years, there arises a community within the community, nay, a host of these communities multiply, made up of practically non-Christian homes.

Every minister is aware of these people fringing his congregation, tentatively dropping into the middle aisle on an occasional Sunday evening when there is a Praise Service, now and then seeking his door in anguish and dismay when there has been a death in the household and the services of a clergyman are required. But try as he may, unless he has an exceptionally equipped and efficient corps of scouts, or a very active and indefatigable Look-out Committee, he fails to attract them in permanence to his church.

The Sunday-school teacher sustains, by virtue of his or her office, a unique, often an intimate, relation to the non Christian home. When the little ones are old enough to go to the infant school, something very strong and tender tugs insistently at the parental heart. The sluggish parental conscience is

stirred. Tho nobody else in the family keeps the Lord's day, the small lad and lass shall be dressed, and kissed, and sent to Sunday-school; and there, year by year, from rosy cheeks and dimples to adolescence, are the children found. A very singular and beautiful loyalty is observed in the attitude of the class to the faithful teacher, and the teacher, of right and as a friend, and not by intrusive or resented curiosity, not even by the claim of missionary zeal, but rather by that of fraternal love, may establish a visiting acquaintance with the homes of the pupils otherwise unattached to the sanctuary.

It seems to me that a peculiar and precious opportunity is thus given to the teacher. By a letter when a child is absent, by a call when a child is ill, by a card or a leaflet or a message sent to the mother at Easter or Christmas, by a timely invitation when there are special meetings, perhaps by a tactful arrangement of interviews with the pastor and the parents, the teacher, as no other person can, may win the outsider into the fold. For, as a rule, the outsider is not hostile. He has only ceased to feel the sunbeams, and, for the time being, is frozen. To bring them into the Gulf Stream of warm, loving, thrilling church life, to overcome his apathy, and break the bonds of his inertia, is surely angels' work. And the Sunday-school teacher, magnifying his office, can do this, if to the task be brought those old fashioned twin influences, prayer and pains.

Missions

Indiana Mission

Not seeing anything in the EVANGELIST for some time in regard to the condition of our work, I feel it my duty to say a few words about our needs and our hopes. In the first place I have always felt as tho you would not let the Mission Board suffer for the want of funds if we would spend it in the right way. So far we have been able to meet the hearty approval of the conference and we hope to be able to continue on that line. To be able to carry out the plan of the Mission Board adopted by the conference we must have a hearty co-operation of the members of Indiana. So if you want the Mission Board to do their duty please come to our rescue by sending in your apportionment at your earliest convenience. The second quarter will soon be past and not half the apportionment has reached us yet. We should have had it all by the end of the third quarter or how could we have any chance to use any of the latter payments this year. Besides our heaviest expenses come in the first half of the year. I know it is hard for some of us to pay when seemingly we have nothing to pay with, but let us brace up and meet this as we do our corn bills. We cannot afford to let our hogs go hungry, we get the corn for them some-